

Capital Fun

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Summary: Part of my 'scraps' collection. This was supposed to be a fanfic with the capitals, however my Windows 10 License for Word expired, so I was never able to continue it. T-T Mainly, it was about America's, France's, and Romania's capitals, however like I said- it's barely anything since my License for Word expired.

Capital Fun

A bored young woman named Elizabeth sits on the bench at an airport waiting for her brother. Recently, Elizabeth learned her brother was a living embodiment of a country, and has been around a lot longer than she has. She was heartbroken to learn she wasn't really related to him, but he had told her it didn't matter, he loved her as a sister either way. Now, today on the 14th of June, he had decided to take her to something called.. i _A World Meeting. /i _

According to Alex, a World Meeting is where all the countries of the world gather together trying to work out problems to prevent wars so on and so forth. If she was invited by someone else or another country, she would of politely refused, but this b **was Alex **/b she was invited by. She wouldn't and couldn't refuse, it'd just hurt her to much. Now being a young woman at the age of twenty-two, Elizabeth had nothing better to do but draw, read, and organize offices, or catch criminals as a police officer. Elizabeth balanced her job as a police officer, doing volunteer work at the firestation, and organizing Alex and his colleague's offices for free. Lately, no criminal activity has been seen in the small town of Landerwood. So, here she is, waiting on a bench for her brother to see whatever this self proclaimed 'world meeting' was.

Alex stared out the window of the i _Belarus Airline_ /i plane, watching as it slowly decended onto the runway. Ignoring the pilot on the speakers, he stared of at the iron, brick, and paneled building of the airport with windows adorning it nicely. Somewhere inside that reinforced white building is his precious little sister, who won't leave his mind at the moment. i _'I wonder if she thinks this is a

joke. A horrid one, at that. Her face when she learned I was a country, and one that had lived longer then she could ever hope too- could break even the coldest's serial killer's heart. It took so long to convince her to go to the meeting with me, and even believe that I still loved her after telling her we weren't related. She has such a delicate mind, and even body, she's frail, quiet, but beautiful at the same time. The best part though, if you do manage to anger her, or threaten the law, she won't stop to take you down. I guess that's the up to it, though for a police officer, she looks like she belongs in a cafe serving consumers the most expensive of elegant food, most likely French cuisine, because she is French, honestly- pure French blood, long elegant and wavy brown hair, soft amber eyes, and a face perfectly sharp, angled, but round and curved at the same time. I could go on forever about things about her that make her perfect, but that will never stop me from making sure never anybody breaks her heart. I'll murder them first. They won't ever last.' _/i Frowning slightly, Alex continued to stare out the window with negative thoughts if people ever dared to tamper with Elizabeth's heart like that, but he managed a smile when he realized that he would be seeing her after two weeks of boring paperwork, extra and other meeting, ectera ectera.

Elizabeth began to doze off,

End
file.